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OYAHYTT FEATURING LAKEITH STANFIELD

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY, RYAN CHRISTOPHER PARKS & DAMION GALLEGOS
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA
LAKEITH STANFIELD - VOCALS
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS, DESK
DAMION GALLEGOS - BASS, VOCALS, DESK
RYAN CHRISTOPHER PARKS - GUITAR
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
MIKE AABERG - KORG MONO/POLY, ELECTRO COMP, PROPHET 10
JAMES HENRY - PERCUSSION
SILK-E - VOCALS
GABBY LA LA - CHANTS
GREG JENKINS - SAXOPHONE & CLARINET
MARIO SILVA - TRUMPET
AARON JOHNSON - TROMBONE

HEY SATURDAY NIGHT FEATURING TUNE-YARDS

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY & DAMION GALLEGOS
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA & MERRILL GARBUS & NATE BRENNER AT BOT CAVE, OAKLAND, CA
TUNE-YARDS - VOCALS
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS, OMNICHORD, MOOG LITTLE PHATTY, HANDCLAPS
DAMION GALLEGOS - GUITAR, BASS
MIKE AABERG - KORG MONO/POLY, ELECTRO COMP
LIONEL "LJ" HOLOMAN - PIANO
GREGO SIMMONS - GUITAR
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
JAMES HENRY - COWBELL
GABBY LA LA - CHANTS
AMELIA KENNEDY - CHANTS

MONSOON FEATURING KILLER MIKE

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY, DAMION GALLEGOS, MIKE AABERG, & MICHAEL RENDER
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA & JAMES KELSO AT STANKONIA, ATLANTA, GA
KILLER MIKE - VOCALS
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS
MIKE AABERG - MOOG LITTLE PHATTY
DAMION GALLEGOS - VOCALS
GABBY LA LA - DISTORTED NOISE SITAR

SORRY

ANITRA'S BASEMENT TAPES
WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY & DAMION GALLEGOS
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA &
MERRILL GARBUS & NATE BRENNER AT BOT CAVE, OAKLAND, CA
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS, OMNICHORD, HANDCLAPS
SILK-E - VOCALS, TAMBOURINE
DAMION GALLEGOS - BASS, VOCALS, HANDCLAPS
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
LJ HOLOMAN - PIANO, VOCALS
JAMES HENRY - AGOGO BELLS
TUNE-YARDS - VOCALS
JOLIE HOLLAND - VOCALS
SANDRA LAWSON-NDU - VOCALS
GABBY LA LA - VOCALS
STEVIE WEINSTEIN-FONER - VOCALS
FEATURING: TUNE-YARDS & JOLIE HOLLAND

OUT AND OVER / STICKY SUNRISE FEATURING JANELLE MONAE
WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY, DAMION GALLEGOS, & CHARITH PREMAWAREDHANA
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA &
JACOB DENNIS AT GLENWOOD STUDIOS, BURBANK, CA
JANELLE MONAE - VOCALS
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS, OMNICHORD, MOOG LITTLE PHATTY
DAMION GALLEGOS - MOOG VOYAGER, GUITAR
MIKE AABERG - MOOG LITTLE PHATTY, PIANO
JAMES HENRY - SHAKER & TAMBOURINE
SILK-E - VOCALS
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
CHARITH PREMAWARDHANA - VIOLIN & VIOLA
AARON JOHNSON - TROMBONE

LEVEL IT UP
WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY, DAMION GALLEGOS, & LIONEL "LJ" HOLOMAN
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS
DAMION GALLEGOS - KORG MONO/POLY
LIONEL "LJ" HOLOMAN - PROPHET 10, MOOG LITTLE PHATTY, TALKBOX

WE NEED AN ERUPTION

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY & DAMION GALLEGOS
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS
AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS
DAMION GALLEGOS - BASS
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
LIONEL "LJ" HOLOMAN - PIANO,
PROPHET 10, MOOG LITTLE PHATTY
SILK-E - VOCALS
JUBU SMITH - GUITAR
JAMES HENRY - SHAKER
GABBY LA LA - CHANTS

WHATTHEGIRLMUTHAFUCKINWANNADOO

FEATURING JANELLE MONAE

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY & DAVE COUNCIL
RECORDED BY BOOTS RILEY AT
THE LITTLE RED ROOM, OAKLAND, CA &
DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA &
JACOB DENNIS AT GLENWOOD STUDIOS, BURBANK, CA
JANELLE MONAE - VOCALS
MIKE AABERG - ACCORDIAN, WURLITZER ELECTRIC PIANO
DAVE COUNCIL - OBERHEIM OB – 8
DAVID JAMES - GUITAR
TOM PEYTON - DRUMS

CRAWL OUT THE WATER FEATURING FEATURING E-40

WRITTEN BY BOOTS RILEY, DAMION GALLEGOS, & E-40
RECORDED BY DAMION GALLEGOS AT CHUB STUDIO, OAKLAND, CA
& MIGUI MALOLES AT ORANGE ROOM, BAY AREA, CA
E-40 - VOCALS
BOOTS RILEY - VOCALS
HASSAN HURD - DRUMS
MIKE AABERG - MOOG LITTLE PHATTY
KEV CHOICE - KORG MONO/POLY
DAMION GALLEGOS - GUITAR, VOCALS
JAMES HENRY - AGOGO BELLS
SILK-E - VOCALS

BOTHER

OVAHYTT (Featuring Lakeith Stanfield)

Oh yeah
Alright
Hell yeah
That's tight
(2x)

I'm Boots Riley
They ain't murked me yet
Gon get shit poppin like percoset
Got pent up anger ain't surfaced yet
Two stepping like the boss dispersed the check
Imagine this hymn as hand grenade
Asphalt/sheetrock serenade
Jack and Coke is the merinade
But we sober up quick at the barricades
Joint in my mouth
Pass the fire
Everythang out they mouth is a pacifier
I am not preaching
Ask the choir
The green one, the red one
Mash the wire
Capital camouflaged with fashion
Fasten the sheltoes on the assassin
Dashin security at mall expansions
Whatever I wear
Know I'm here to be clashin

Oh yeah
Alright
Hell yeah
That's tight
(2x)
[Silk E says]
We came to bleed 'lectricity
(2x)
[Lakeith says]
Blacka!
It's a celebration
Just got mail from the sales I'm making
Twist up a big L tell the neighbors
We the MVParty don't stop
It rages
Profit, boss shit
Gains
Feel me? I've been killin the paint filling the frame
With feeling that's appealing and strange venomous
Rage getting into this pen
On the page scribbling game to my niggas
Shit - militant aim
Bthtthat! Gimme that change
I got a feelin and I'm feelin it bang
Get ya ass up in it and get wit it or get slayed
Get dangerous wit me baby I just wanna see the
Flame in you whip like reins, be tamed
Switch lanes on the hell train
Hit your brain blown back its a 12 guage!

Oh yeah
Alright
Hell yeah
That's tight
(2x)

Hey Saturday Night (Featuring tuneYards)

Hey Saturday Night
Entice us with the future
Say our destiny's a shopping mall
And we gone be the looters
Tell us that this feeling can't be captured by computers
And this chapter won't conclude us
We gon get back all the gouda

Hey Saturday Night
Put it right under our tongues
And shotgun kiss streetlight into our lungs
Yell out "Fuck the cover charge, we gon get in with no funds"
Swindle us some shots o rum
Get our felonies expunged

Hey Saturday Night
Fill our bodies with the wind
And watch which direction you pointin that pistol in
The hair raised on my skin
The grin used to contend
The gin goes to my lips
You whisper we will win

Hey Saturday Night
You mix the weed with the neon
We bouts to make a moment that's gon lead into eons
Sing along make us believe we are phenoms
Tag it on the wall cuz it's a screed we can lean on

Hey Saturday Night
Please be the chaos choreographer
Cuz Sunday morning is the court stenographer
You and the moon can't be my only interlocutor
I'm lookin fly and you especially who I rock it for

Hey Saturday Night
I'mma follow yo infinity
Lust, revolution, and love- the holy trinity
What it was, is, and what it finna be
We got the capability, we got the connectivity

Hey Saturday Night
Your air tastes electric
That can't be measured in pounds, stones, or metrics
I'm interested in vertical symmetrics
I'm givin all of humanity a wet kiss

Hey Saturday Night
You're like a freedom sneak preview
Like we all got the beachhouse with the seaview
You say to ride into a future that's illegal
Hurry up, we ready, we gon leave you

Anitra's Basement Tapes

We've made our lives so complicated
We search for simplicity of fingertips
The answer in my head's debated
But you got all kind of yes across your lips
And even much more than I want you
I want this moment to be true
I want this love I have to haunt you
I think this ritual will do

I just wanna smoke a Taylor with you baby
I just wanna see you dance across the living room floor
To them tapes my mama left in the basement
She just loved it when the music made the whole world go
I just wanna smoke a Taylor with you baby
I just wanna dance battle you and kiss on the couch
To them tapes my mama left in the basement
She was happy when the bass made the whole world bounce
Bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce
She got happy when the bass made the whole world bounce

Mistook your mouth for the ocean
I built a ship and sailed for war
When you divide I love your quotient
My answer trembling on the floor
You hope the whiskey poisons all the ghosts
I drink to bring mine back to life
Come into me through my invisible door
Here's my agenda for the night

I just wanna smoke a Taylor with you baby
I just wanna see you dance across the living room floor
To them tapes my mama left in the basement
She just loved it when the music made the whole world go
I just wanna smoke a Taylor with you baby
I just wanna dance battle you and kiss on the couch
To them tapes my mama left in the basement
She was happy when the bass made the whole world bounce
Bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce bounce
She got happy when the bass made the whole world bounce

I wanna know you know I know you know me
I want a fire that can extinguish the sea
I wanna crush my loneliness into dust
Please ride with me until this whole thing busts
(repeat until satisfied)

YOU

WhatTheGirlMuthafuckinWannaDoo (featuring Janelle Monae)

[Boots and Janelle say]
This the part where we sang on top
Thought it was but it ain't gon stop
Wanna keep her with you but the girl finna do
What the girl muthafuckin wanna do
(2x)

Hey hey hey hey hey hey
You know her
She won't let nobody
Control her
Hefty bags in the hall
Full o' draws
Waitin for a good reason to stay
She scooped em up and smashed out
And only then was you convinced
She wasn't made o' clay
She felt like
Her desti-
Ny was much bigger than
It looked in
That greasy re-
Flection from that fryin pan
You said "aww baby let's do it once mo, lemme show you"
And she was down
Nobody coulda did it good enough
To make her bad ass hang around
Now lemme tell you why

This the part where we sang on top
Thought it was but it ain't gon stop
Wanna keep her with you but the girl finna do
What the girl muthafuckin wanna do
(2x)

[Janelle, Boots, and Nate Wonder say]
Hot vinyl seats
In the taxicab started to burn
You thought she wore
That miniskirt to make you learn
You never wanted a partner, partna
You just want an assistant
And everytime she tried to shine baby
She would shonuff meet resistance
Behind many great men
Is a woman with her dreams left on the ground
Here's a story bout a woman I know
With no time to be fuckin around

Monsoon (featuring Killer Mike)

There's a monsoon under my skin
There's a monster under my skin
There's a street brawl under my skin
Will you get under my skin

I take my martini dirty
Like three hop fiends who rentin one 'telly
I want it shook
Like a man who just got shot in the belly
Make it smoky
Like his mama's voice screamin for her baby
And on the rocks
Like funkadelic in the 90s and 80s
I drink slowly
And the sips sneak over my tongue
Like prisoners over gates before the dobermans come
I was born double-fisted but I'm holdin in one
And when I take a shot
It burns like a smolderin sun
And then its alcohol to vein
Ethanol to brain
This moment is a get without the tinted cellophane
I don't need no soda mixer
Just give me the cold elixer
Hustler's know that hunger is just
Murder's sexy older sister
Vocalist or orator
Duck and clear the corridor
Some drink it neat like the jacket on a coroner
I go ape-
My best friend is Dora the Explorador
(That line was dope
I had to smuggle it through Florida)
Arriba, abajo, al centro, al dentro
If they don't open up the gates
We all gon go mental
Bottoms up
Until we all are free
And there'll be some for
The homies and some for me

There's a monsoon under my skin
There's a monster under my skin
There's a street brawl under my skin
Will you get under my skin

[Killer Mike says]
I say hold up hold hold up
Let me roll up roll up roll up
I don't drank no more
No hennessy and
No mo coca cola
I don't pour no more
No purple drank
And no more sippin soda
No mo double cup
No mo fuckin up
If she fuckin up
No mo fuckin her
I cain't fuck with her
She cain't fuck with this
I cain't fuck wit that
Bitch I'm dope
I don't fuck wit crack
Bout the neighborhood
Fuck the cul de sac
Cold as that
Cold as reverend Ike
Call me reverend Mike
Hold up hold up hold up hold up
Intermission
Let me roll another one
And we can get back on our mission
And the muthafuckin mission is
Be about your paper
Ain't no savior comin up
[??] I just gotta ever save ya[??]
Don't believe anybody ever tell ya opposite
Tell them hating muthafuckas
They can chill or suck a dick
See we really chilly willy but
Shit can get real savage
If if if the fuckboy vegan
Fuck the beef
I'll bust his cabbage
Ooh yeah
I'm macho man
And on them
Bitch I'm randy savage

Level It Up

We gon level it up
We gon level it up
We gon level it up

I'mma lev
I'mma vel
I'mma level that shit
I'mma N
I'mma O
Aaron Neville that shit
Next level that shit
You shovel that shit
I'mma L-E-V-E
Level that shit

We gon level it up

We gon level it up
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
We gon level it up
We gon level it up

Work furlough
Mixed with some merlot
A key of cocaine in the ass of a burro
Dollars, pesos, crowns, euros
Expensive ass nouns in the plural
You got cash on the bureau
Your money long like a churro
But that don't mean shit to us
Cuz our bank account damn near zero
Now you see us standin in the
Shadow of a 5 dollar bill
Tryin hard to pry off my collar still
Some try to deal with a whole lotta pills
We comin out the field and we all want meals
Got us flippin through the trap like a acrobat
Every hour we work
You snatch a stack
Meeting in the back we want some o them racks
Here's how we handle that

We gon level it up
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
We gon level it up
We gon level it up

I'mma lev
I'mma vel
I'mma level that shit
I'mma N
I'mma O
Aaron Neville that shit
Next level that shit
You shovel that shit
I'mma L-E-V-E
Level that shit

We gon level it up

Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up

We gon level it up
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
We gon level it up
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
Ay ay ay ay ay ay ay ay
We gon level it up

I'mma lev
I'mma vel
I'mma level that shit
I'mma N
I'mma O
Aaron Neville that shit
Next level that shit
You shovel that shit
I'mma L-E-V-E
Level that shit

We gon level it up

Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up
Make you get down make you get up

We gon level it up

We Need An Eruption

[Silk E says]
We gon hit em til they breakdown (break it down)
That's the function (yeah)
We all know about the shakedown (shake it up)
We need an eruption (that's right)

I hope you beat the case
Walk out middle finger to the DA face
I hope your game is hard
And you can pay your light bill with a EBT card
I'm thinking positibe
Cop gun to your head and they let you live
Hope you don't need the strap
Cuz your landlord said you don't owe them racks
But come on bro you know how it go though
Click up with your folks and throw them bolos
Out there solo you might so low
Snatched in the back of a black and white fo' do'
Constant fits tryna stop that sitch
Make you drank a fifth and cain't drop that shit
We just really wanna see you rock that shit
Get together like a fist straight clock that shit

We gon hit em til they breakdown (break it down)
That's the function (yeah)
We all know about the shakedown (shake it up)
We need an eruption (that's right)

We gon take the plastic off the furniture
Drive a blown head gasket to the curvature
*asterisk- they murderers
We faster and we furtherer
Have you ever heard of a muthafucka that could give
Less than a fuck
Bout sayin that for freedom we gon have to go buck
Squeezin through the cracks
You finna get stuck
Fuck the FBI, SWAT, and their big black trucks

[Silk E says]
We gon hit em til they breakdown (break it down)
That's the function (yeah)
We all know about the shakedown (shake it up)
We need an eruption (that's right)

Crawl Out The Water

[Silk E and Damion Gallegos say]
Calculations and equations
All the way down to your molecules
I'm evolvin
Cro-magnum
Crawl out the water but I still keep crawlin to you
(2x)

[Boots says]
Love to the people who done struck a fire
Sirens and helicopters such a choir
This ain't a song it's a multiplier
This ain't a job but you are fucking hired
They say
We look like we're theivin
We walk like we're leavin
We laugh like we're greivin
We dance like it's treason
We breed like we're breathin
It seems we're in season
Believe in the heathens
Let's fight til it's even
Good mornin this evenin
The night is yours
6 million budgets as tight as yours
Land of the free-but-can't-quite-afford
Stars in the sky
But the light is yours

Calculations and equations
All the way down to your molecules
I'm evolvin
Cro-magnum
Crawl out the water but
I still keep crawlin to you
(2x)

[E40 says]
I just seen him yesterday
He died the next day
He aways said he bout that
Life and he with the pistol play
I put a prayer in the air for his family
Some things you speak out
Your mouth can be reality
The state of affairs are he gon end up dead
Funeral homes gettin they bread
Rejected mortgage loans
Veterans cain't afford meds
Done came a long way- olympics, track, prosthetic
legs
Family don't believe in cremation
Church of god in christ
Life support
Decisions
Ain't nothin nice
Beef and pork
Obesity no exercise
Police report: no truth all lies
Last resort: get a job or sling pies
Come up short
Double agents in disguise
Satan be tryna mess up my plan
But I'll slap that mark with my back hand

Out and Over/Sticky Sunrise (featuring Janelle Monae)

[Janelle, Boots, and Silk E say]
I get out and get over
Over you
You just hold all your soldiers
Close to you
And might not be there
When your world comes fallin down
But I'll be somewhere near
Dancin to the sound

What I saw broke my eyes
And you were all my lies
What I saw broke my eyes
A sticky sunrise

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: AARON JOHNSON

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THE MUTHAFUCKIN' COUP

The Coup is (left to right):
Hassan Hurd- drums, Kev Choice- synthesizers, Silk E- vocals, tambourine, LJ Holoman- synthesizers, Organ, Piano, Vocals, Boots Riley- vocals, omnichord, Grego Simmons- guitar, JJ Jungle- bass, bass synth.

PRODUCED BY
BOOTS RILEY AND DAMION GALLEGOS